

Dr. Hartman's Plain Talk to Young Men

My plain talk to young men in my last article certainly brought out many responses from young men. I take this means of answering them briefly, for the benefit of other young men who did not write me. One writer says:

"I was greatly interested in your talk to young men. I wish I was strong and well as you describe yourself to be. I am going to begin at once and follow your advice and take care of myself as I ought to. I will quit the use of all stimulants, tea and coffee, go to bed early. I will take the cold water towel bath every morning. I want to live to be old and useful, like you. And I shall also keep Peruna at hand, in case of slight ailments as they may arise. I thank you in the name of thousands of other young men, like myself."

To this letter I replied:

My dear Boy:—I cannot tell you how much good your letter has done me. To know that I am arousing the

young men in matters of right living fills me with gratitude and enthusiasm. I want to help you. Write me any time you wish and I will consider your letter strictly confidential and give you prompt reply. Follow the advice I gave in my article. When ever you have occasion to consult me further do not hesitate. Let us be friends. If you will be obedient to me as a son ought to be I will be faithful and true to you as a father ought to be. Yours sincerely, S. B. Hartman, M. D., Columbus, Ohio.

Pe-ru-na, Man-a-lin and La-cu-pla, manufactured by the Pe-ru-na Company, Columbus, Ohio. Sold at all drug stores.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Many persons inquire for The Old-time Peruna. They want the Peruna that their Fathers and Mothers used to take. The old Peruna is now called Katarina. If your druggist or dealer does not keep it for sale write the Katarina Company, Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you all about it.

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Autumn Wedding to End Pretty Romance of Roswell Man Who Fell in Love With Philadelphia Maiden in the "Movies"

Chaves County Ranchman Succumbs When He Sees Motion Picture in Which His Fate Accidentally Appeared as an Unintentional "Supe"; Determined Quest and Its Ending Another Proof That Truth Is Stranger Than Most Romantic Fiction.

Because Miss Helen Winslow, a pretty telephone operator of Philadelphia, unconsciously "supe" in a photo play she will become the bride of James Herndon Morris, half owner of the Bar L ranch in Chaves county, New Mexico, this fall.

At the time Miss Winslow innocently captured the part of a moving picture "supe" and incidentally won the heart of this western rancher she was the guest of friends on the north side in Chicago, and the Chicago Tribune, which prints pictures of her, and heroine, tells the romance as follows:

One morning, on shopping bent, she entered a shoe store in Evanston avenue, north of Wilson. As she approached the entrance of the shop she noticed a crowd gathered at the edge of the pavement, but in her haste—for she had an early luncheon engagement—she gave but little thought to the unusualness of the incident.

Neither did she think it extraordinary strange that a pretty woman, strikingly dressed, should rush past her out of the shop, followed by a man in his shirt sleeves and wildly waving a pair of white kid slippers. For a moment she did hesitate and turned to avoid a collision with the man and woman; she even watched with some amusement the apparently indignant woman climb into a waiting automobile, which started down the street, leaving the man with slippers standing gesticulating on the sidewalk.

Opal Settling Lost From Bag. She wondered a bit at the incident and then entered the shoe, not seeing as she turned a moving picture camera a few feet away from the shop entrance. So it was that Miss Winslow was in blissful ignorance of the fact that she had contributed some "real life" to a moving picture play.

When she had completed her purchases and had left the shoe she discovered that she had lost the opal setting from her chain. She remembered she had caught the ring in the mesh of her shopping bag while in the shop, and so returned, hoping that she might find the stone. A search was made, but all to no avail.

As was the custom of this shop, the clerk made a note of the lost opal, together with the name and address of the loser, in the "lost and found" book.

All this happened a year ago, Miss Winslow finished her visit to Chicago and returned to her duties as telephone operator in Philadelphia. The film in which she unconsciously had a part was completed and reproductions of it sent out over the country

late this spring. One of the films landed in Roswell, Chaves county, New Mexico.

Late one afternoon when James Herndon Morris rode his pinto into Roswell he little suspected what fate had in store for him. Here he was a man of 30, well educated, big like the land in which he lived, wealthy, and with the responsibility of 20,000 acres of the best grazing land along the Pecos on his hands. He had too much to do to think of falling in love, yet that was just the thing that was to befall him before the night was four hours old.

Falls in Love With Picture. Morris made his purchases, and after supper wandered into the show-



THE HEROINE.

house just as the show started. He watched the pictures idly as the plot was unraveled on the screen before him.

It did not particularly interest him nor did the "leading woman" arouse any excessive admiration. There was the usual attempt at "comics," with the "lead" having many difficulties in attempting to purchase a pair of slippers; with a great show of indignation she rushed from the shop followed by a clerk wildly waving the slippers.

Just as the people rushed from the store a third figure appeared on the screen. It was of a girl, petite, dark haired, and with perfectly molded features. She was apparently about 22. (Miss Winslow confessed to 23 years.) She seemed to smile right into Morris' eyes. It was for only a moment and then the scene changed, but in that moment the young rancher had been stricken by the little god of love as surely as if he had met the girl herself.

After the last audience had been dismissed Morris sought out the manager and asked the name and address of the firm manufacturing the film in which his vision had appeared.

Two days later he was on the train bound for the north. He was on the trail of his vision. In Chicago the film manufacturers directed him to the store that had served as the "setting" for the play. A clerk remembered the taking of the pictures and recalled the incident of the lost opal. He would look up the address in the lost and found book.

He turned to the book. There it was: "Beacon street, second apartment. Lost opal setting from ring. Not found." Thus read the notation. "As I remember now," said the clerk, "she was an awfully pretty girl, with dark hair and big brown eyes."

"That's her," said Morris. He was too excited to observe any rules of grammar. The clerk wrote down the address and Morris again "struck the trail." He went directly to the address and told the whole story. He was in love with the girl whose picture he had seen, his intentions were honorable, he was amply able to take care of a wife, and he was a man of some standing in his community. All this he told to the motherly-faced woman who admitted him to the apartment in Beacon street.

Morris also presented his credentials. These included letters from well known men in New Mexico and declared him to be a man above reproach. But he was doomed to disappointment, temporarily at least. Miss Winslow lived in Philadelphia and had been merely a visitor in Chicago when she had stepped into the moving pictures.

Wanted to Rush to Philadelphia. It must have been the former expression that came over Morris' face when he heard this delightful news that

waited the heart of the mistress of the house.

"Why, you poor man," she said sympathetically. "I know how badly you must feel and I only wish that I could help you. Maybe I can after all. Anyhow, you must stay with us for dinner tonight and we will see what can be done. Did you have any luncheon?" she demanded.

"No, ma'am; I did sort of neglect to eat. Fact is, I hadn't thought much about anything but finding Helen—I mean Miss Winslow. And I shall most certainly accept your invitation. Now you call it to my mind, I am hungry."

That night at dinner, after he had been introduced to the other members of the family, he recounted the story of his romance. The daughter of the house smiled as she heard his story, and to his amazement actually laughed aloud when he reached the climax of his fruitless search.

"Oh, but I know something just dandy," she exclaimed. "Mr. Morris, are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Tonight on the first train," declared that young man, with a "do or die" light in his gray eyes that sent the young woman into peals of laughter.

"Please wait until tomorrow night and take dinner with us before you go," she said. "You'll be awfully sorry if you don't."

He Meets "the" Girl. What is a man to do when a pretty girl makes such a request? There is only one answer. Morris agreed to remain over, though a bit reluctantly. It must be confessed.

"I am so glad you decided to stay another day," said his tormentor, as she admitted him to the apartment the next evening. "You were wiser than you thought. And as she led the way into the living room, "I want you to meet a dear friend of mine who arrived this morning for a visit. I got a letter from her yesterday saying she would be in Chicago this morning."

As Morris entered the room his glance met that of a girl who had been sitting in a chair near the window. Morris stopped and his hand went to his eyes as if he were awaking from a dream. But it was no dream voice that said: "Helen, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Morris. Mr. Morris, Miss Helen Winslow. There, now, didn't I tell you not to go to Philadelphia?"

Of course, the result was inevitable. What girl could resist the impetuous wooing that followed. For two weeks Morris showered the girl of his dreams with every attention. He put his heart and soul into the task and after many demure protestations she finally consented to become Mrs. James Herndon Morris.

On one point she remained firm, however. It was not to be an immediate wedding, as Morris had insisted. No; she would be married in her own home and not until fall, or Mr. Morris could go back to his "old ranch" alone.

The answer? That's easy. It will be an autumn wedding and will be held in Philadelphia.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY PROGRAM FOR TONIGHT

Under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church an interesting musical and literary program will be rendered in the church tonight. A number of the most talented young people in Albuquerque will participate. The program for tonight follows:

Piano solo.—Die Jagd (Hindenberg).
Soprano solo.—Heart Tompkins.
Soprano solo.—Indian Summer (Cadmans).
Violin solo.—Sousyevir (Draler).
Reading.—Scorching Versus Diamonds.
Soprano solo.—Harmony.
Vocal duet.—Selected.
Piano organ.—Gayotte (Thomas).
Reading.—Selected.
Soprano solo.—The Rotary.
Vocal duet.—A Greeting (Mendelssohn).
Piano organ.—Scherzo Symphonique (Miller).
J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, O., purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all druggists.—Adv.

CAPTAIN FORNOFF GETS BAD NAVAJOS WHO CUT UP NATIVE OFFICER

Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 18.—About a week ago, three Indians on the Navajo reservation in San Juan county went on the war path, accompanied by a rifle too much boomed, it is said, and a few knives. But the white man was not their enemy on that occasion and they contented themselves with carving up one Juan Archuleta, an Indian policeman, who is now in the hospital at the U. S. Indian school here suffering from numerous knife wounds. Yesterday Captain Fred Fornoff of the state mounted police journeyed to the reservation via auto and took the war like red men by surprise. When confronted with the majesty of the law in the form of Captain Fornoff and his "Rough Rider" hat they meekly surrendered and are now in Santa Fe awaiting hearing on bond. They have recovered from their war like disposition. All they want now is to get out of trouble. The Indian officer will get well unless complications arise.

Stop coughing! You rack the lungs and worry the body. BALLARD'S HONEY AND SYRUP checks irritation, breaks the lungs and restores comfortable breathing. Price 50c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Enough.
"What punishment did the defaulting banker get?"
"I understand his lawyer charged him \$45,000."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

JAFFA GROCERY CO.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

A Grocery Sale

That is Surely a Money Saver

For Saturday Only

1 sack Spuds (Greeley) per 100 pounds\$1.45

3 cans fancy Red Salmon..... .50

4 pound packages Corn Starch..... .25

5 pkgs. Glass Starco..... .25

1 package Post Tavern..... .15

8 oz. K. C. Baking Powder..... .65

1 lb. can Cabinet Baking Powder..... .20

2 oz. bottle Price's Lemon Extract..... .20

6 large Fat Milder Herring..... .25

Extra lot large Mackerel..... .30

2-lb. can Sliced Pineapple..... .20

3 cans Fancy Apples..... .50

1 pint can best Olive Oil..... .45

Two 3-lb. cans Simpson Baked Beans..... .35

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The only Bakery and Grocery Store under one roof in the city.

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Mail orders solicited.

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Have our solicitors call at your home and take your orders.

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AT ELKS' THEATER MIRTH, MUSIC, WIT AND WISDOM

\$2.50 A Whole Winter's Pleasure for the Price of An Opera Ticket \$2.50

5 Numbers During Season 5 Noted Artists and Entertainers 5

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EMILY WATERMAN GRAND CONCERT CO.

JUDGE GEO. D. ALDEN of Boston, in "Needs of the Hour."

RALPH BINGHAM CO., Entertainers.

THE STROLLERS CO., in Scenes from College Life.

Don't wait for the solicitor to call on you but phone 1544W at once for season tickets for the best and biggest course ever brought to our state. Season ticket holders will be given first choice of seats without extra charge. All holders of season tickets don't forget to select your seats Friday morning, Oct. 25th at 9 o'clock at Matson's. First attraction October 28th.

BIGGEST COW DRIVE IN HISTORY

Fifty Thousand Head of Cattle to Be Driven 500 Miles from Old Mexico Across Border Into Texas.

Hidalgo, Tex., Oct. 18.—Ranch owners and cowboys all throughout Texas and the southwest are interested in what will be the biggest cattle roundup and drive ever made in the United States or Mexico.

Several weeks ago Hurl Mitchell, W. H. Jennings, Robt. Jennings, and R. B. Russell of San Antonio, wealthy ranchmen, formed a syndicate and purchased all of the cattle upon the Stanton ranch, which is situated in south of here. These cattle are closely allied in kinship to the old Texas longhorn species.

The Stanton ranch embraces 2,000,000 acres, and is practically unenclosed. Fifty thousand head of cattle roam over all parts of it. Most of the land is covered with a thick chaparral or prickly pear, mesquite, and a variety of other thorny plants and shrubs.

500 Mile Drive Big Task. That the task of gathering these cattle together and driving them across the country for more than 500 miles to the Texas ranches of the purchasers will be fraught with many difficulties, is well assured in advance. However, the expedition which is being organized to undertake the big job will be composed of old time and well trained cowboys, who know every detail of the roundup and cattle driving game.

Stories have been told of the days of the old drives of the Chisholm trail when as many as 25,000 head were sent into Kansas from Texas at one time, and in perhaps one or two instances as many as 40,000 head were

embraced in one herd that made the old trail drive. In those days, however, the country all the way from south Texas to Kansas points was open, it being only within the last twenty-five or thirty years that the dense mesquite and prickly pear growth has made its appearance in the southern part of the state.

The ranch region of eastern Mexico, however, is an entirely different type of country. It is as primitive and wild as nature can make it. The cattle themselves see a human being as seldom that they are almost as wild as wolves and panthers which infest the region.

It is expected that several weeks will be required to comb the brush and round up the cattle at some central point. More than 100 cowboys will be employed in the roundup work and each outfit will have with it a full equipment, embracing a remuda of horses, chuck wagon, and other paraphernalia of range life. These cattle will be driven to the Rio Grande crossing point near Hidalgo, where the United States custom authorities will collect duty on the animals.

PROSPERITY RULES OVER COUNTRY SAYS LAS VEGAS BANKER

Las Vegas, N. M., Oct. 18.—J. Eugene Brown, one of the organizers of the People's Bank and Trust company, returned to Las Vegas last evening from an extended trip throughout the state and into the southern part of Texas. Mr. Brown, who made many miles of his trip in a buggy, states that on every hand he saw every evidence of prosperity and evenness of the country.

However, the expedition with whom he talked was enthusiastic over the past season's crops and cattle and sheep sales.

The cattlemen stated that their herds have never before been in better condition and that the cattle ranges were never in better shape than at the present time. The sheepmen stated that the price obtained by them for their lambs was higher this year than ever before and that the price obtained for this season's wool

was good.

The farmers all report the best of crops and the feeling of contentment among the agriculturists was really remarkable, showing that the season must have been an unusually good one. Mining conditions in the southern part of the state have also improved greatly for there is a great deal of new capital coming into that section of the country. The Mexican revolution has been instrumental in the bringing of new capital from Old Mexico into New Mexico and many miners who had claims in Old Mexico have abandoned them and have taken up claims in the New Mexico mining districts and have also put much money in New Mexico mines already established. In the larger towns that Mr. Brown visited the merchants all reported the best of business conditions and with all of these substantial signs of prosperity, on every hand, it looks as if the new state of New Mexico were coming into her own.

FARMINGTON CANNERY AND PLANING MILL ARE DESTROYED BY FIRE

(Special Correspondence to the Herald) Farmington, N. M., Oct. 14.—The Farmington cannery with a loss of \$10,000 and \$2,500 insurance was burned to the ground this week from some mysterious cause.

The plant of the Durango Planing Mill and Lumber Company here was also burned down with a loss of \$35,000 and insurance \$7,000. The cause of this fire is equally mysterious and incendiary is suspected. Pinkney H. Head was arrested and is in jail pending hearing on a charge of arson. It is believed he tried to burn down the town.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz. Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says: "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For cough there is nothing that exceeds it." For sale by all druggists.—Adv.

Bryant Co. Messengers. Phone 505.

Fry Chicken in Cottolene

The best fried chicken you ever ate can be made with Cottolene.

Cottolene can be heated to a much higher temperature than either butter or lard, without burning. It fries so quickly that little of the fat is absorbed, preventing the food being greasy. For this reason, Cottolene-fried food is more healthful than food fried in butter or lard.

Cottolene is more economical than lard—goes one-third farther; costs very much less than butter.

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MRS. A. L. BALLEW ANNOUNCES

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